

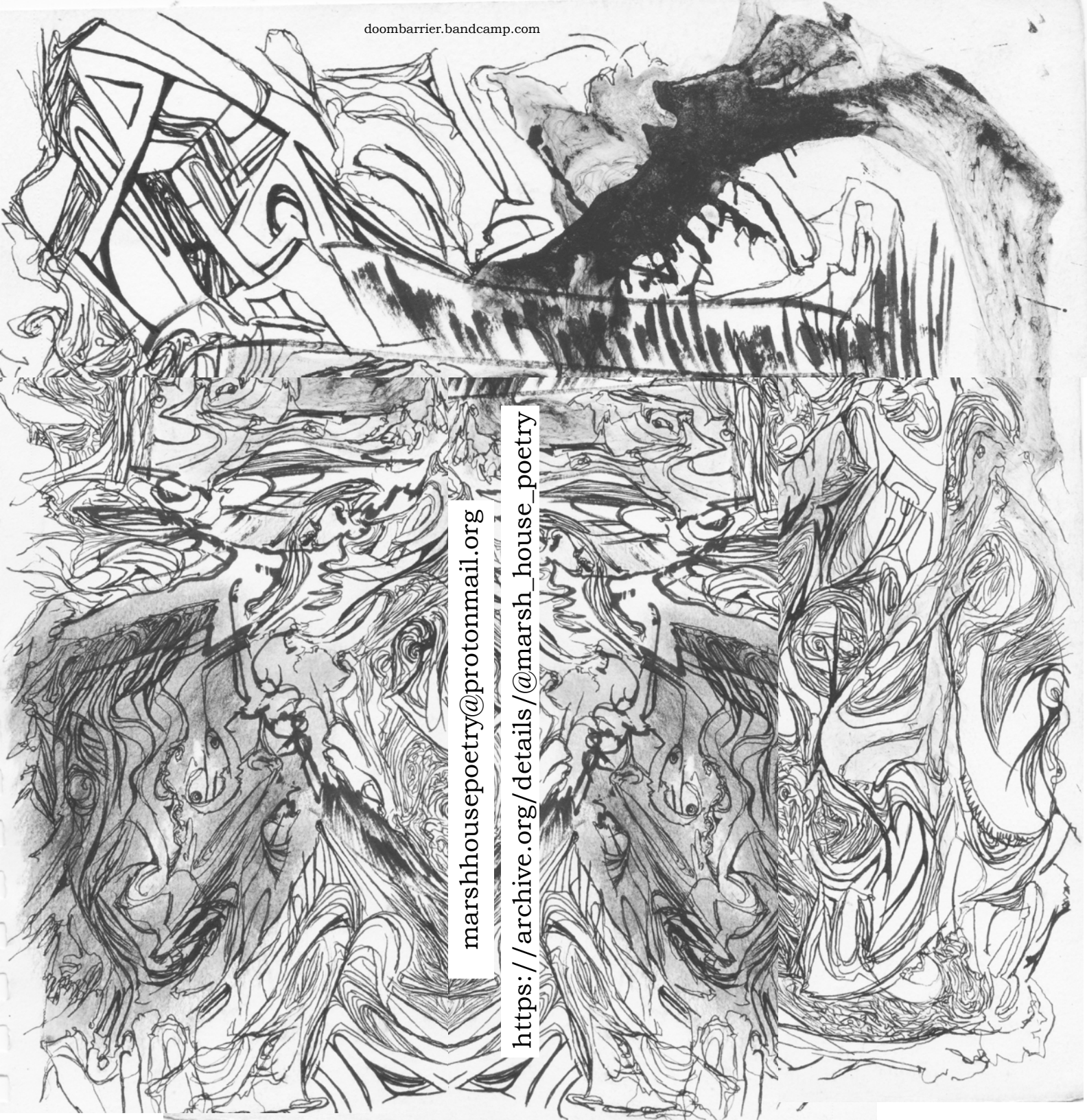
# Four Poems

distributed by marsh house

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## FOR INFORMATION IN THE NEW WORLD

when the world was new,  
                    there were no lions  
when the world was new,  
                    there were no bison  
when the world was new,  
                    there were no birds  
                    and there was silence

## POEM CONTAINING A ROCK

of the rock you take me to:  
it is full. i cannot enter.  
no crawling inside-  
out of desire,  
so this place will remain  
and i will wait here on the last line

sorrow truly is the water.  
expect flooding,  
there will be deep green depressions

show your kids that which will be called  
“how to stave off the worst torment:  
    some things that did not work”  
and the land will drink its fill

this wind remembers how it brought the ships in,  
and says so to the murdered stone:  
there are bitter-sharp breaking edges, in this town  
there are disquiet vortices.  
the wind cannot be stood on here  
by people any longer

“i went to port orford once. the wind stopped blowing  
and everyone fell down”